

Wichita Daily Eagle

GHOSTS AND STORIES.

CURIOUS YARNS ABOUT PHANTOMS AND SLEEP WALKERS.

Adventures with Specters Related at a Party—Extraordinary Experiences of Two Girls While in the Arms of Morpheus—Noodles' Strange Image.

Ghost parties are much in fashion. All you need is a jolly company and a small quantity of alcohol burning on a saucer in the darkened room. While the spirits flare blue and ghastly each one of the people present takes his or her turn at telling some weird yarn—personal experiences or by far the best—of ghostly phantoms and spooks about so horrible to mention. If the story telling is good the test of its quality is established by the thrills that run down the backbones of the listeners.

At such a party in Washington one night a young Noodles was telling of a ghost he met with at an old country house where he had been invited to stay for a week. On the evening of his arrival he was told in a joking way by members of the family that the bedroom allotted to him was haunted, but he paid no attention to the matter, his belief being firm against the existence of phenomena supernatural. So when the time came for his seeking his couch he went off to sleep without much delay, and must have been in the arms of Morpheus for more than an hour, according to his reckoning, when he was aroused by a noise. He sat up suddenly in bed and found himself confronted with what he at once recognized as a supernatural apparition.

A WEIRD SPECTER.

It stood at the foot of the couch and eyed him, with face of ghastly whiteness and garments that seemed of luminous consistency, swaying to and fro. Some how it appeared as if it were the image of himself in grave clothes.

Noodles shrank beneath the quilt and lay there for at least three minutes—it seemed an hour to him—before he dared look out again.

"By Jove!" he said, "it must have been only a dream."

Then he raised himself once more to a seated posture, and fairly screamed aloud when the spectral image rose again before his gaze at the foot of the bed.

With a burst of resolution that afterward surprised him Noodles jumped out of bed and turned up the gaslight close by, which he had previously left at a head before retiring. Then the ghastly mystery was quickly dispelled. Facing the rear end of the bed, with windows on either side, was an old fashioned bureau. Through the windows streamed the moonlight, while the surmounting crests played with the white muslin curtains. When Noodles sat up in bed his reflected image naturally appeared in the looking glass, his torso clad in a ninety-nine cent night shirt. The moonlight, shining full upon his own person, made the reflected simulacrum appear very bright, while the curtain floating about in the wind gave the effect of white drapery such as is suitable to corpses that walk alone.

Noodles looked sharply at the face of the family when he came down to breakfast the next morning, but he did not understand then, and he has never been sure since whether or not his experience was the result of a rather ill-judged practical joke.

THE SOMNAMBULIST'S STORY.

The next story told of an experience much more harrowing, though no ghosts were concerned, which she and her sister had met with in childhood. Both of them were addicted to walking in their sleep, and it was not unusual for them to join in a sort of co-operative somnambulism and wander off at night from their bedroom together. On one occasion their mother had been in the hallway under such conditions and slept there so severely that they did not repeat the offense for quite a twelvemonth. But about a year after the event referred to they got up in company and made their way down stairs into the cellar. Probably the chill air woke them up—at all events they did wake, and not finding themselves in their usual beds they were put in a fright. Said one of the little girls to the other:

"Where are we?"

And the other replied:

"We must be dead and buried."

She had felt the damp, cold wall of the cellar trucking with clammy exudations. No wonder this such a horrible thought occurred to her mind. What else imaginable could account for a situation thus encountered? The little girls felt their way along the prison that enclosed them. Nothing but a wall of noise for many feet, and then a corner, and again to the right as an acute angle for what might have been a mile or two, so it seemed. Once more a corner, and to the right the children groped, their heads half dead within them, past the endless wall wet as with the dew of death. Wonder if it is the way they did of sheer fright. But, as it happened, the little girl who told the story, now a woman grown, with children of her own, touched something that was made of wood and gave a great cry of joy. For the wooden object was a step, and it was not four seconds later when the two children had run up the cellar stairs, mounted to the second floor and sought consolation in their mother's arms.

A SUPPOSED BURIAL.

The next story told of a fright that he had one night while he was engaged in looking up his house in suburban Washington about one year ago. He was going from the dining room to the kitchen quarters when his attempt to open the kitchen door was met by an unmistakable resistance. When he strove to throw wide open the portal it was shoved back upon him. He gave a leap across the threshold, and upon looking behind the door he beheld a remarkably tall thin figure, with a remarkably large aquiline nose and long black whiskers. So much of the intruder was visible in the gloom, and the master of the establishment struck at him with all his might. He felt something, but with drew his knuckles somewhat bruised and red, while the objectionable person with the Roman nose remained apparently unmolested and undisturbed. Again and once again he struck, and only after the third blow had been struck around the door that the offender was merely a twelve pound turkey that had been hung up behind the kitchen door for the next Sunday's dinner. The breast bone was the Roman nose and the wings, left on the bird an memento, represented the black whiskers.—Washington Star.

A Queer Wager.

Charles Queen, a Norfolk man, but that he could let a gallon of water drop on his hand from a distance of three feet, drop by drop. After 500 drops had struck him he yelled "Enough!" and paid the bet of \$50. He said that each one felt like the blow of a sharp stick, and a blister as large as a quarter was raised on the back of his hand.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

To Displace the Fashionable Cigarette.

Fashion has devised a way to avoid cigarette smoking and to do away with it in a completely new and one so offensive. It is a reversion to clay pipes. Not the ordinary clay pipe that sell two for a cent, but French clay pipes that cost from 75 cents to \$10. These pipes are much the same as the old style clay pipes. They have a stem from 2 to 3 inches long, a little tip at the end and a bowl. The bowl, though, does not hold any more tobacco than the average cigarette. It is about one-quarter of the size of the usual clay pipe. On the stem are stamped some letters showing that the pipes are manufactured in Paris. They have the French trademark. The plain pipes cost 10 cents, retail, or half as much by the quantity. Any man who intends to smoke them in the fashionable manner must buy a quantity.

With the pipes is bought an amber and silver tipped mouthpiece. This is two or three inches long and is what costs. A pipe is not intended to be smoked more than at one sitting, then it is to be thrown away and a fresh one inserted in the holder in its stead. This looks fastidious, costly and fashionable. The pipes and the holder go in a Russian leather case lined with pink silk and stamped with French names. The pipe rests in soft blue velvet. This is pretty and more fastidious than cigarettes. It costs more than cigarettes and is not so offensive or injurious. It does no more harm than smoking an ordinary pipe, and is probably less harmful, as less tobacco is smoked. There is no paper, mullage or anything except the tobacco put into the pipe.—Chicago Herald.

The Cat and the Per-De-Lance.

The cat, upon seeing a snake, at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, and then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range, and then begin to pounce, teasing him, starting him, trying to draw his blow.

How the emerald and topaz eyes glow then! They are flames. A moment more, and the triangular head, hissing from the coils, flies swiftly, as if moved by wings, but swifter still the stroke of the arm, paw that dashes the horror aside, flinging it mangled in the dust.

Nevertheless, pussy does not yet dare to spring. The enemy, still alive, has almost instantly returned his coil. She is in front of him, waiting, vertical, put against a vertical pupil. Again the hissing stroke, again the beautiful countering; again the living death is hurled aside. Now the scaled skin is deeply torn; one eye socket has been reached.

One moment more the stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But the reptile is blind, stupefied. Before he can attempt to coil pussy has leaped upon him, nailing the horrible flat head fast to the ground with her two sinewy paws. Now let him hiss, writhe, twist, strive to escape. In vain! He will never lift his head. An instant more, and he lies still. The keen, white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebrae behind the triangular skull.—Midsummer Trip to the Tropics.

Ways of Great Men.

I was sitting in the senate gallery, wondering why I learned a speaker as Senator Teller should say "sir" for "are," why so eloquent a gentleman as Senator Daniel should say "yes" for "calm," and why Senator Moody should say "extraordinary," wondering, too, why pretty nearly every senator when he has nothing to say says it in his most oratorical manner, and why most of them begin their long speeches with the question that they do not intend to make speeches and end them by saying they have taken more of the senate's time than they intended to.

"I've been thinking," said he, "what 'tarnal nonsense it is for us to teach our children how to write according to rule. Now, out in our village they teach what they call the 'American system,' and they make every child sit just as at his desk and hold his pen just so, pointing over his right shoulder, and his arm restin' just in such a position on the desk. I swear I don't see no use in that at all, for no man ever got to writing, as we say, until he was unlearned all that was taught him in school. I went over and sat down beside him."

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She Was Honest Anyway.

One of the funniest incidents, in which a dandy and I played our parts, was one day not long ago when a judge and his bride from Rochester were riding with me in a Victoria to see a famous old plantation on the outskirts of Savannah. The judge had never seen anybody "toting"—that is to say, carrying burdens on the back—and there all the colored working folk carried baskets and bundles in that way. Noticing the judge's interest in the custom, and seeing a colored "natty" ahead with a bundle on his crown, I said aloud: "Look, judge! here's more toting!" Alas! the colored woman heard me.

"Yes," said she, "as 'totin' 'em 'bout. I've only a po', hard workin' 'scho, and I has to tote for a livin'; but I thank Gavee I 'spos'."

I don't. I've just a plain totin' 'scho, but thank Gavee I 'spos'."—Julian Ralph in Clarion.

Saved by a Fish.

A sculpin is not usually considered a very valuable fish, but one performed a great service for a Maine seaman. The Sea Foam, of Lubec, while coming out of a harbor at the Magalloway Islands, struck on the bar and sprang a leak. She made for the nearest port, when it was found that her shoe and part of her false keel were gone, and there was a hole in the garboard into which the suction had drawn a large sculpin, tail first. Had it not been for this fish the vessel and cargo would almost certainly have been lost.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cat-o'-Nine-Tails in New York.

Part of an east-side family's equipment is a small cat-o'-nine-tails. Not quite the instrument of torture used at Delaware's three whipping posts, but a small affair, consisting of a short wooden handle and a few leather thongs. The implement is designed for family discipline, and is used threateningly when a mischievous child misbehaves in the presence of their parents. All east side house furnishers sell the domestic cat-o'-nine-tails at 15 cents or less.—New York Letter.

Parasite, Perhaps.

Inquiring Guest—Water?

Water—Yes, sah.

Inquiring Guest—What is this that you have let fall on my head?

Water—Dat, sah, is deef's brain on toast, sah.

Inquiring Guest (after long and careful observation)—Which a deuced idiot that self must have been!—Puck.

A running or trotting horse is not considered for or paraded under an alias in races slower than those of his class is called a "ringer."

Never feed your birds anything but the newest and freshest seeds. Those that are old and musty are very unwholesome and injurious, and none but the best should ever be given them.

It is important to tend to the food of birds, so that each one may have his simple allowance for the day given to it each morning. They will then enjoy good health and sing vigorously and cheerfully.

THE TROUBLE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Plain Statement of the Fisheries Row Between France and England.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, June 28.—The present trouble in Newfoundland grows out of the mistake that England made in ever permitting the French to gain a foothold on the island. This foothold was first authorized by the treaty of Utrecht, signed in 1713, and although it led to interminable disputes it was confirmed by several other treaties.

While this treaty recognized the right of England to the full possession of Newfoundland it provided that "it shall be allowed to the subjects of France to catch fish and dry them on land in that part only of the said island of Newfoundland which stretches from the place called Cape Bonavista to the northern part of said island, and from thence, running down by the western side, reaches as far as the point called Pointe Riché." By referring to the map it will be seen that Cape Bonavista is on the east coast on the south side of Bonavista bay, and that Pointe Riché is on the west coast about a third of the way down from the northern extremity of the island.

The treaty of Versailles, signed in 1763, made an important change in these limits. The limit on the east coast was fixed at Cape St. John, on the north side of Notre Dame bay, and the limit on the west coast was fixed at Cape Ray, on the southwest extremity of the island. The coast between these two limits measures probably a thousand miles. Here the French were permitted by the treaty of Utrecht to build "stages made of boards and luts necessary, and usual for the drying of fish," and the same treaty prohibited them from resorting to the island "beyond the time necessary for fishing and the drying of fish."

Not contented with making these extraordinary concessions, George III. accompanied the treaty of Versailles with this remarkable declaration: "His Britannic majesty will take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner by their competition the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it, and he will for this purpose cause the fixed settlements which shall be formed there to be removed." As a consequence of this blunder the settlement and development of the French coast have been prevented.

But these are not the only grievances of the Newfoundlanders. In spite of treaty stipulations forbidding the erection of permanent buildings, the French



EXPLANATORY MAP.

have engaged in catching lobsters, which are not mentioned in any of the treaties, and have constructed, in defiance of the expressed words of these treaties, permanent establishments for catching lobsters. The French have, moreover, driven the Newfoundland fishermen out of the markets of Europe. By the heavy bounties given to them the French fishermen have been able to undersell their competitors. In retaliation the Newfoundland legislature, disregarding an agreement between France and England in 1885, passed what is known as the bait act, obstructing the sale of bait to the French.

Supplied by smugglers, the French have been able to get what bait they needed. They have also been able to supplement this supply from St. George bay, where the French commander recently ordered Newfoundland fishermen engaged in catching bait to take up their nets so as not to interfere with French fishermen engaged in the same work. Of course he had a right to do this, but it has greatly angered the people of Newfoundland, and it has made them talk of seeking union with the United States if they cannot obtain redress from the British government.

F. P. S.

Griswold and Artemus Ward.

New York, June 26.—"I first met Artemus Ward in 1888," said J. Minor Griswold, the lecturer. "He was at that time editor of The Cleveland Plaindealer. Ward was a long, lanky young man, with one eye and a hatchet face. He was then known as Charles Brown, but when he became famous he added an 'o' to his name. I think he was the most eccentric man I ever met, and his force of death amounted to a monomania. He would get up in the night, disturbed by an awful fear of death, and wander around the house half clothed. I remember his knocking at my door at 3 o'clock one morning, and asking if I thought that Shakespeare would have made a good city editor. Ward had a habit of guffing everybody he met. Even his intimate friends were not safe from this habit. One evening we attended a country school exhibition together. The play was 'Pizarro.' In the course of the play one of the actors came upon the stage and exclaimed: 'How now, Gomez? On yonder hill we found an old Peruvian!'"

"He's right!" exclaimed Ward, leaning over toward me. "I can recognize the old Peruvian by his bark!"

"On the way home Artemus wanted to drive the horse off the bank into the canal. He would have done so but for the fact that I grabbed the lines and prevented him from carrying out his design. He explained his action by saying that the horse was warm and needed cooling off."

In the United States there is an organization called the American Philatelic association. Its membership numbers nearly a thousand individuals. Mr. John K. Tiffany, of St. Louis, is the president of this association. Each state has a branch society or a separate organization.

A dispute is now going on among the philatelists of the world as to who was the originator of the postage stamp. Ward had a habit of guffing everybody he met. Even his intimate friends were not safe from this habit. One evening we attended a country school exhibition together. The play was 'Pizarro.' In the course of the play one of the actors came upon the stage and exclaimed: 'How now, Gomez? On yonder hill we found an old Peruvian!'"

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SOME FAMOUS GEMS.

The shah of Persia has a wonderful emerald the size of a plover's egg.
The Princess Metternich has a necklace in which are the biggest emeralds in the world.
The most perfect single sapphire in the United States is owned by Mrs. William Waldorf Astor. It is set in a pendant.
The Princess Remon, of Vienna, has a necklace made up of the largest opals known, some of them as big as peaches.

Col. Tom Ochiltree is the possessor of a pigeon's blood ruby which is described as one of the biggest and best colored in New York.
A French girl—Mlle. Despre—is said to have the finest private collection of pearls in Europe. She was the sister-in-law of Thiers.

A pearl was recently sold in London for about \$34,000; it was two inches long, four inches in circumference and weighed three ounces.
At the recent sale of Mr. Bernard Hooper's art collection in London, the notorious Philippe Realists sapphire ring brought between three and four thousand dollars.

The favorite ring of the queen of England is an emerald ring which was her engagement ring. For many years this ring and her wedding ring have never been removed.
Seneca Dora Indora Couture, the famous South American, has a quart of fire brilliants. She has a thimble cut out of one diamond, the heart of which, being defective, she has chiseled out.

The world's biggest and most beautiful cat-eye was taken to London not long ago from Ceylon. It is insured for \$5,000 rupees. It throws out four opalescent rays, which are said to combine to form one single stream of light.

Mrs. Leland Stanford's diamonds consist of four fine sets which belonged to Queen Isabella of Spain. Each set has tiaras, necklaces, brooches and earrings and other ornaments. One set is very handsome, as the rays which are emitted are of a violet hue.

A St. Louis lady, Miss Cora Forbes, has in her possession a very valuable set of pink topazes, perhaps the only ones of their kind in this country. They are so very rare that when one of the topazes was lost from the brooch, not long ago it could not be matched later.

The largest perfect diamond in the world is the Imperial, now in Paris. It is owned by a syndicate, which has offered it for sale at \$2,000,000. It is cut and weighs 180 carats, the greatest known weight of any cut stone in the world. It is exceptional in color and brilliancy.

The largest ruby in the world belongs to a London jeweler. It measures an inch in length and three-quarters of an inch in width and weighs twenty-four carats. Ten thousand pounds is the price asked for it. The Duchess of Edinburgh carried it all the way to St. Petersburg for the czar to have a look at it.—New York Star.

HORSES FAMOUS IN HISTORY.
Black Dees was the famous mare of Dick Turpin.
Hoan Barbary, the favorite horse of King Richard II.
White Survey, the favorite horse of King Richard III.
Ber's, the horse of Lord Marmion. The name is Norse and means swift.

Shabedin, the Persian Burchephalus, belonging to the Shah Kourosh Parvis.
Phronox, the horse of Kleros, of Syracuse, that won the Olympic prize for single horses in the seventy-third Olympiad.

Incitatus, the horse of the Roman Emperor Caligula, was made a priest and consul, had a manger of ivory and drank wine from a golden pail.
Morooco, the famous trick horse of Banks. While performing in Rome the pope had both horse and master arrested and burned as magicians.

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WOMAN'S WEAR.

Black lace and gold emblems of passementerie is a favored combination.
All shades of mauve and dull pink are frequently made up with gold; also navy, taupe and brown and dyed colored velvet.
An Eiffel brown cloth carriage wrap has a rolled collar of navy blue velvet, and is lined with light brown and blue shot silk.
Skirts are made quite simply, setting plainly over the hips and in fact flares at the back, and hemmed up at the edge on the right side.

A walking dress of fine cloth has the waist trimmed with ornate embroidery. The sleeves are of velvet and the skirt is elegantly trimmed with embroidery.
The most approved gowns in black mantles richly trimmed with lace and jet are those with jacket shaped bodice and long square ends in front, reaching almost to the hem of the dress.

Smart carriage wraps are made something in the form of a vest, mantle, with rounded back, bell shaped sleeves and fringe more or less long, turned back with a rolled collar of velvet.
A few black faille jackets, with rather long beques pointed at the hips, are to be seen, even on quite young women, but they are mostly worn as the complement of a lace or other black gown.

Black lace cloaks covering the whole figure and plated according to fashion are still on the cards, but only in really handsome trimmings. They show off beautifully over crimson or shot silk dresses.
A new plush wrap is trimmed with mink, loose fitting and plain back. The tail is extra and trimmed with fur trimmings. This garment recommends itself for early and late hours alike.

A Modjeska made of plush is tight fitting, and the front and sleeves are trimmed with three inch Persian or embroidery. The collar, front and sleeves have an edging of mink. Embroidery adorns the back, shoulders and lower sleeves, and two large buttons ornament the back. The collar makes a handsome effect.—The Cloak, Suit and Ladies' Wear Review.

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